

CORONER TO CALL ALL THREE WOMEN WOOED BY ROGERS

Slow Convalescence of Mrs. Walters May Delay Inquest, Though She Sat Up To-Day.

The holding of the inquest into the death of Mrs. Ida Sniffen Walters, who died by mercury poisoning administered by her mother's hand, may be delayed by the unfavorable progress of the Lebanon Hospital patient toward convalescence, according to coroner Jerome Healy of the Bronx.

The coroner said to-day he had heard from the hospital authorities that Mrs. Walters was not making the strides toward complete recovery they had hoped for and that as a consequence next Wednesday may not see the opening of the inquest as he had planned.

At the hospital it was said later, however, that Mrs. Walters continued to improve. To-day she got out of bed for the first time since she was brought to the institution suffering from bichloride of mercury poisoning, self-administered. She sat in a chair by the window for a little time and took a short walk about the room, supported by the arm of a nurse.

It is expected that the whole involved story of the love affairs of Loris Elton Rogers and the burden borne by three women for his sake will be brought out at the inquest.

Coroner Healy said to-day he would subpoena Mrs. Anna Roquemore Rogers and Mrs. Caroline Giddings Rogers, the two women who have been legally wed to the lawyer, and would give Mrs. Ida Walters an opportunity to testify in her defense if she cared to do so.

Her attorney, Abraham Levy, will probably forbid the accused woman's saying anything at the inquest, however.

The Bronx County Grand Jury investigation of the Rogers poisoning case has been suspended until next Monday, following the session yesterday at which Mrs. Anne Depree Roquemore Rogers, first wife of Loris Elton Rogers, told of her marriage to the lawyer, then her father's partner; of her life with him and of their strange divorce pact.

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid, which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish, the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead, your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine.

This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

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There Was Nothing So Good for Congestion and Colds as Mustard.

But the old-fashioned mustard plaster burned and blistered while it acted. You can now get the relief and help that mustard plasters gave without the plaster and without the blister.

MUSTEROLE does it. It is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. It is scientifically prepared, so that it works wonders, and yet does not blister the tenderest skin.

Just massage MUSTEROLE in with the finger-tips gently. See how quickly it brings relief—how speedily the pain disappears.

And there is nothing like MUSTEROLE for Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Tonsillitis, Croup, Stiff Neck, Asthma, Neuritis, Headache, Congestion, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pain and Aches of Back or Joints, Sprains, Sore Muscles, Bruises, Chills, Frosted Feet, Colds of the Chest (it often prevents Pneumonia).

At your druggist's, in 25c and 50c jars, and a special large hospital size for \$2.50. Be sure you get the genuine MUSTEROLE. Refuse imitations—get what you ask for. The Musterule Company, Cleveland, Ohio.



Calve, Original "Carmen" OF the Stage, Disapproves of "Carmens" OFF the Stage



Singer Who Shocked and Then Won New York 25 Years Ago With Her Cigarette and Display of Petticoat and Arms Denounces New York Women for These Same Things—Carmen Type Has Neither Heart Nor Soul, She Says.

By Marguerite Moores Marshall.

Twenty-five years ago a short-skirted, bare-armed young woman, whose costume and movements emphasized every supple, seductive curve, who smoked cigarettes and daringly displayed a red satin petticoat, whose black eyes alternately challenged and caressed every male in the landscape, danced down to the footlights of the Metropolitan—and over them into the heart of New York. It was Emma Calve, Carmen Calve as we called her after that, whom Mascagni and Massenet summed up in the sentence, "There are many singers, there are many actresses; there is one who is both." Her Carmen conquered from the first. But they do say it shocked a bit—twenty-five years ago.

To-day she finds among the guests of any Broadway restaurant the audacities of the Spanish cigarette-smoker. They are hardly remarked on any more. There is the generous exposure of plump arms and throat, the abbreviated skirt, lifted still higher to show—well, if not a petticoat, the place where a petticoat used to be—the bold eyes, suggestive movements and airily flourished cigarette.

And the original Carmen OF the stage utterly disapproves of the amateur Carmen OFF the stage!

She told me so when I talked with her last night at the Hotel Savoy, where she is stopping preparatory to a concert tour. He it understood that Madame Calve has always liked and admired the women of this country. "The women of all races have ideals," she said many years ago, "but it is the American woman who has the force to realize hers." She still likes and admires us—and believes most of us are sensible. But she has no use for the sensationally dressed, self-indulgent coquette in real life, even if she did create a supremely perfect example of this type in grand opera.

DISAPPROVES OF EXAGGERATED, SUGGESTIVE FASHIONS.

"I do not like the exaggerated, suggestive fashions which certain women have adopted during recent years," she declared frankly. "I do not care for slit skirts, for street clothes that reveal too much of the figure, for big, conspicuous hats. I have seen the new dances done in a beautiful, distinguished fashion, but when they are done coarsely by coarse people they are most unpleasant. It is dignity, not daring, which should characterize the behavior of women in public."

"It is only a small group of silly women who take up the fads and extravagances of the hour," Madame added quickly. "Generally speaking, American women dress very well, in New York or in Paris. They are a la mode. And 'la mode' is behaving better this season. Only this morning as I walked through Central Park I noticed how much more sensible the hats were than they used to be."

Madame Calve's own hat was small and black and tricorn. She had just returned from an afternoon walk when I talked with her, and she wore a simple coat-suit of black broadcloth, with a white vest rolling back from the full, round throat. I haven't seen her for eight years and she

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would have preferred to be the mother of five or six children. They would have been my babies."

BELIEVES IN PLAIN, SIMPLE LIFE FOR WOMAN.

The smooth, staccato voice was going on. "I believe in the plain, simple, normal life for women. My own life is so plain and quiet. Except for my concerts I go out hardly at all. I walk a great deal, and I eat and drink temperately. I have no special rules for diet, save that while I eat a little of everything, I do not eat a great deal of anything. And when I am at home I live in the country, you know. I have a castle in southern France, high up in the mountains of Lombardy, with the most glorious view and perfect air. When I am in this home of mine I can spend all my time in the woods, on the river, on the farm."

"One of the tendencies in the modern American woman which I especially admire is her growing fondness for exercise, sports and country life. Women need that sort of thing. It makes them strong," and the singer drew a deep breath, her broad shoulders lifting regally. "And it keeps them young," she added.

The wonderful youthfulness of American women is something I cannot fail to note at the end of lights seen to shine more brightly, the quarter century during which I have been visiting America. Therefore I know that most women here must lead healthy, normal, active lives. Otherwise their youth would leave them. Besides, the being young they are strong and they are free."

To hear ourselves praised with some other adjective than the hackneyed "beautiful" and "charming" was a joy to one American woman. Madame Calve continued, enthusiastically: "I thoroughly believe in liberty for women—liberty, not license. I believe that intelligent women do not make wrong or foolish use of their freedom, but that they use it to develop all the best powers, to search for their ideals, to laugh and be happy. American women seem to me the freest and the happiest in the world. They have progressed steadily in twenty-five years."

"And New York?" I suggested. "It, also," she agreed readily. "I have always thought of it as a gay, happy, prosperous city. But now there is more of everything, more work, more art, more play. It isn't just that there are more things; there are better things—progress."

I asked Mme. Calve for her opinion of one bit of progress in New York and of New York women, the suffrage movement.

"I have been too busy to think about it," she said.

"But it seems to me that the vote is not necessary to freedom. American women already rule. What more do they want?"

Suddenly Madame leaned forward, a smile at once mischievous and joyous lighting her deep eyes and curving the scarlet lips.

"Marriage is the most interesting thing in the world," she breathed. "Don't you think so?"

"When I had to admit that I couldn't speak from experience she made a little mouth of frank compassion. I have a notion she believes the most interesting thing in the world is the real answer to the suffrage question."

Before I left she gave me a photograph of her Carmen—a Carmen of the last thread of her lace. But doesn't she make the Broadway 1915 model look like coarse work?

Confederate General Dead.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 14.—Gen. Robert G. Shaver, eighty-five years old, a brigade commander in the Confederate Army, died early to-day at Foreman, Ark. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was made a Colonel and assumed command of his brigade when the commander was killed at the battle of Fort Smith. Gen. Shaver was twice wounded at Bull Run.

POLICE LIEUTENANT TESTIFIES HE WON RICHES IN WALL ST.

McConville's Daughter Says He's Worth \$40,000, Though Sometimes "Stung."

Testimony adduced from Lieut. Barney McConville of the Police Department before Supreme Court Justice Gieseler to-day in his wife's suit for separation shows that even Wall Street tipsters will give a "cop" a wrong steer. The lieutenant smiled, as did his three pretty daughters, when he admitted on the stand that some one in Wall Street handed him a "bum steer" when they induced him to buy Rock Island stock and a goodly supply of Western Mining stock. Lieut. McConville "got in" on Rock Island, like a good many others, just before the big crash came.

At times, said the officer, he had as much as \$15,000 balance in the Title Guaranty and Trust Company, most of which, he said, was made in speculations in Wall Street. He knew a good deal about stock, too, he admitted rather proudly, because he had raided a number of bucket shops in the Street.

"I have been on the force twenty-four years," said McConville. "I first went to work as a stableboy and then I became a truck driver and finally a street car conductor. Then I married. Everything was all right until five years ago—here he stopped and wiped his tears—"when my wife and I quarrelled about the conduct of my eldest daughter Anna. Anna wanted to become a chorus girl. I objected, but she did go on the stage and mamma (Mrs. McConville) wouldn't let me have a single thing to say about her. One day Anna served me breakfast with rouge and paint all over her face, and I told her I would take her into the bathroom and put her face under the faucet and wash that stuff off."

"Why, mamma held me responsible for every scandal in the Police Department, and that made me very angry."

McConville's daughter, Catherine, was the first witness to-day.

"How much money did your father have in 1912?" asked Herman L. Roth, attorney for Mrs. McConville.

"He had \$40,000," she replied.

"Are you opposed to your father?" asked Attorney Taylor, counsel for McConville.

"Yes," the witness replied, "and I don't want to see him win this case."

"Did you threaten to go to the District Attorney and make trouble for your father?" she was asked.

"I did, when he wouldn't stop beating my mother," she snapped. "He told my sister Margaret that my mother could not win in any court because Justice Weeks was a good friend of his and matters could be fixed up."

Justice Gieseler ordered this answer stricken out, especially the reference to Justice Weeks, holding it hearsay testimony.

Catherine said her father owned a drug store in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Anna Scheer, a married daughter, was equally hostile to her father. Mrs. Scheer, who is on the stage, met Mr. Scheer on a Sunday, married him the following Tuesday and on the following Sunday separated from him. Her marriage contributed to the differences between the police officer and his wife.

RELIGION STOPS WEDDING.

Inglis-Murphy Engagement Off Because of Difficulties.

Mrs. Patrick Francis Murphy explained at her home, No. 129 East 84th Street, to-day the cause for the breaking of the engagement of Miss Gladys Inglis of Washington with her son, Frederick Murphy. Religious difficulties which presented "an insurmountable barrier" was the cause, she said. The announcement of the broken engagement was made by Mrs. Melvin E. Inglis in Washington. Frederick Murphy is said to have gone West following a prolonged illness.

MOVING FORWARD.

(From the South West Tribune.)

The old-fashioned man who wound his watch with a key now has a son who rides in a self-starting automobile.

NEW YORKERS DO NOT WANT TO SIT DOWN IN CARS, SAYS B. R. T. MAN

Counsel Woody Amazes Those at Hearing on Report on Overcrowding.

Charles A. Woody, counsel for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, to-day informed the Public Service Commission that the people of New York who use their lines just hate to get a seat.

This revelation was made at a hearing on the report on overcrowding submitted by Joseph Johnson, chief of the transit department of the Public Service Commission.

Mr. Johnson was describing congestion in cars when Mr. Woody interrupted with: "Now, do you know that the people standing in those cars didn't have seats staring them in the face?"

"Why, that's a natural assumption," replied Johnson.

"Don't you know," pursued Mr. Woody, "that all human beings in New York are not looking for seats in cars? Don't you know a large percentage of the people would prefer to stand while riding?"

"That's right," said William R. Marsh, another counsel for the B. R. T., "the people aren't all looking for a place to sit down, and you know it, Mr. Johnson."

Mr. Johnson breathed hard, short gasps and nearly toppled over. "Well," said he, when he became able to speak, "this is certainly a new defense of the B. R. T. Never before have I heard the people of New York will not take a seat while tired and travelling home after a hard day's work."

"Your assertion is ridiculous on the face of it and you know it. You might

SMOKED AND READ POETRY.

Van Arsdale Divorced After Wife's Denial of Frank's.

A divorce was granted to Mrs. Rachel Ottman Van Arsdale by Justice Crane in the Supreme Court at Mineola to-day from Philip Van Arsdale, formerly a teacher in the Public Schools of Manhattan and Principal of the Westfield, N. J., High School.

A sister-in-law of Mrs. Van Arsdale testified to seeing Van Arsdale with Mrs. Ella Gottlieb, wife of a Manhattan jeweler, in a summer boarding house parlor smoking cigarettes and reading poetry out of the same book.

Miriam Bycher of No. 145 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street said Van Arsdale told her he was living with Mrs. Gottlieb as though they were married.

Van Arsdale testified she had worked as Van Arsdale's housekeeper at \$15 a week and their relations were always proper.



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Aged Brooklyn Woman Finds Health in Vinol

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I was in a run-down, weakened condition caused by old age and the loss of my daughter. I had no ambition, strength or appetite, and it was hard for me to attend to my household duties. I tried different medicines without benefit. My son bought a bottle of Vinol and asked me to try it, and in a week I noticed an improvement. I continued its use, my appetite returned and I regained my strength so I am now able to do all my household duties although I am advanced in years."—Mrs. JOHN WERNIGER, 233 Hawthorne St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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